

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPAC NEWS.

From the Bugle.

"Gus" Allen, son of W. J. Allen of this place, is home from Detroit after a two year's absence from the village.

James Banfil Jr., had the second finger of his left hand nearly cut off at the first joint by being caught in one of the elevators in his father's mill at this place on Monday last.

On Wednesday of this week the resignation of the office of supervisor, by Mr Richard Shutt of this township, was accepted by the township board, and Mr. G. W. Curtis appointed in his stead for the balance of the present term.

OUR ARTS.

By C. W. Stratton, read at the Thanksgiving Services in Brockway.

Art, like literature gains no prominence through unworthy devotees. The spirit like the body, is nourished by what it feels or. The mind is nourished by truth, and the soul by goodness, just as the body is nourished by material elements. Our Creator, who has displayed, his love and wisdom in the creation, has also invested it with the mark of beauty. Take up the loveliest flower that blooms and you will see the evidence of this threefold glory of his perfection.

Not worlds or worlds in them. Need we to say more? The fresh from waters sleep. Tolls of his hands in blues as clear.

Goodness, truth and beauty were the constituent elements of the universe. It was to these, also that the soul of man aspired in search of his ideas. The longing for goodness caused religion, the love of truth, science; and the sensibility to beauty, art. Take away either of these, and man degenerates into a monster or an animal. The perfection of his character, consists in the union and development of these three tendencies of his nature. Without the harmonious combination of these in our character, we become partial, one-sided, deformed, incomplete. Man must have, not only a heart to feel, and a head to think, but a body to execute all his generous purposes, and all his noble perceptions of truth. But why dwell on these higher relations of art? I would say because of the low and erroneous views which so many entertain of its objects. To many believe that art, is mere decoration as a pastime, a mere ornamental and luxurious appendage of life. But it is infinitely more. It appeals to the highest faculties of the mind, and embodies the grandest ends of existence. To consider it a mere stimulant to the senses is to degrade it to a level with the furniture of our houses or our cookery. A picture is something better than a piece of painted canvass, and a statue more than a nicely chiseled stone, and a poem, more than a jingle of syllables. They are expressions of the loftiest conceptions, and energies of humanity, the precious life blood of a master spirit, embodied on purpose to life beyond life preserving us in the vials the precious efficacy and extraction of the living intellect which lead them. But greater than his work, is the workman and greater than his art, is the Artist. What we want is that greatness of spirit in which all immortal things are conceived and perfected. Let us look at the names of the several specific arts, and what magnificent, and graceful images they suggest. Architecture is connected with the majestic church, fit for a nations worship and with the venerated cottage, in which domestic felicity reigns. Painting has embellished for all that is heroic in man, and all that is lovely in woman. All the great deeds of history all the tender feelings of private life. Music is filled with entangling, rapturous, holy charms, and poetry translates us to new realms in which the divinest spirits walk, and hold communion, and from the air of which we draw now life, for the actual contest of our prosaic world. Art suspends the earth amid the gleams of ever dawning sunsets, and sets us very nigh to celestial harmonies. A function capable of such results is no trifling affair. It is the earnest bloom of the soul; the best product of the best moments of the race; the depository of the highest wisdom of the medium; the perpetual miracle of genius, and the crowning flowers of human growth. Art amuses us but it purifies us by means of that excitement. It does not effeminate but strengthens our vigor. It waters the black mould of our earthly life with stony dew and heavenly electricity and causes it to spring into rich and verdant bloom. What has been the object of the great masters of art. To entertain an idle moment, to fan the sleeping eyes, with the wings of butterflies? There has been pretended masters, the mere mountebanks of art, who proposed such ends. But not so thought the blind old bard of Greece as in song his immortal song to the people in the midst of poverty and want; not so thought Milton appealing for recognition to posterity. No genuine son of Apollo, though bearing with shepherds, looked to the casket of flocks or the ring of gold for reward. He was moved by deep-seated impulse from within, the God gave

impulse to alter the burden of his soul in forms of speech. As Emerson says, himself from God he could not free. In the studio of Mr Powers our great American sculptor is the statue of a woman draped in flowing graceful robes, who's hand is lifted to heaven, as if to show the source whence every noble triumph comes. At her feet lie the broken chains of tyranny, which are significant of the emancipation which she has achieved for herself in the past, but her eyes are raised in a fixed earnest expression, as if she gazed with mingled hope and joy upon the far off future, which is her home. The artist has named it most appropriately, America. It teaches us how our strength like every good and perfect gift, descends from the skies, from the spiritual and immortal realm of truth and love. It teaches us how we must break free from every chain of despotism of vicious habits and unjust usage, and then it teaches how, fastening our look in serene and beautiful repose upon the distance, we must await patiently the on coming of its splendors. And now let me ask what is the key that unlocks this iron citadel of art. It is true religion, religion in every day life, and in its possession we will always and at all times render Thanksgiving and praise to our heavenly father for the grand and sublime gift of genius as displayed in art.

Are Your Children Pervious
And aged? Do they have abnormal appetites and crave food constantly? Beware of Worms. Very few children escape their ravages. No child can be happy or well while suffering with worms. Take up the very life by preventing the digestion and assimilation of food. This is done by taking Paregoric's Stimulating Wormicide. They are perfectly harmless but will quickly disintegrate the worms and pass them off through the bowels. Buy no other. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by C. A. Wells & Co.

You can get a trial bottle of Dr Bosanko'spile Remedy at F. A. Baker's drug store which will convince you that the regular 50 cent size will cure any case of Internal, External or Itching Piles, besides all unpleasant scabs, Scaly Eruptions, sores, boils, Burns, Scalds, and for a general purpose ointment it has no equal. Call for a trial box at once.

The Greatest Pain Killer
You find in Cremona, C. Ic. Since in side of book, Novelty, Household, Sprays, Books, Furniture, Pictures, Games, Toys, Tins, Tubs and Pots, Cases, Boxes, etc. etc. but what it never fails to cure. For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Headache, Stomach-ache, Diarrhea, Ulcerous, Inflammation, sour stomach, etc. it is unequalled. Warranted to cure rheumatism, internal and external. Warranted to cure ear, eye, etc. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by C. A. Wells & Co.

What 10 Cents Will Do.
By calling at F. A. Baker's drug store, you can get a sample bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup which will relieve the most obstinate Cough or Cold, and show you what the regular 50 cent size will do. When troubled with Asthma, Bronchitis Dry Hacking Cough, Palms in the Chest, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, try a sample bottle of this medicine.

GEORGE GOUGH,
ARTIST,
Brockway Centre, Mich

Wishes to inform the people in this vicinity that he has lately purchased the Photographic Gallery of John Glaser and now has a large gallery, one of which is a room over a month, which will enable him to give universal satisfaction to those wishing anything in his line.

PHOTOGRAPHIC, TIN-TYPES, INDIA INK and CRAYON made any size.

Bring in your old pictures and have them enlarged. All orders settled for when ordered.

GEORGE GOUGH.

FORT HURON & NORTHERN RAILROAD
TIME TABLE.

Depot foot of Court Street, Port Huron, Mich. Trains run by Fort Huron time. Trains daily except Sunday.

EAST SAGINAW DIVISION,
GOING WEST.

Port Huron Leave a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m.
8:45 7:30 4:35 9:45
8:45 7:30 4:32 2:30
8:25 5:10

8:35 5:15 10:20

Brockway Centre 9:07 3:45 10:20

Milford 10:20 9:05

10:20 9:05

Brown's City 10:45 6:23 11:20

11:45 6:45 11:20

Midville 12:30 7:25 12:15

D & B Junction 1:05 7:55 12:45

Vassar 1:15 8:00 12:50

East Saginaw 3:30 8:45 1:30

p.m. p.m. p.m.

GOING EAST.

East Saginaw Leave a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m.

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